

The Polygram

Volume XVI SAN LUIS OBISPO, MAY 27, 1931. Number 15

SPECIAL SENIOR CLASS EDITION

PERSONALS

Seniors of 1931 Who Bid Farewell To Their Alma Mater Tonight

SENIOR DAY

There has been a rumor that there are to be no freshmen here this coming school year. This would be rather tough on the school, as there will be no freshmen to paint the Block "P" on the hill, the Jaysees would have no one with whom to compare the high school students, and the editor of the Polygram would lose valuable material for copy.

Great was Ye Student Body Joy over "The Black Flamingo". The students by their talk after the play, showed that they had enjoyed every minute of it, and that it had ended all too soon. There were some real compliments for the cast, especially Pete Armendariz and Hayden Almendinger. The campus critics rated Mrs. McCart and Mary Hughes as the leading feminine characters, and there was unstinted praise for the capable directing of Miss Peterson.

After seeing the play, with its thrills and horrors, and then hearing those strange screams and roars that emanated from the Cafeteria after the play, can the columnist be blamed for being found with the covers pulled over his head the next morning?

One of the most enjoyable things of the school year was the baseball game between the faculty of the San Luis High School and the faculty of Poly. This game was enjoyed so much by the students of both schools that I am asking the faculty on behalf of the student body to make this game an annual event and attempt to establish it as a tradition. It was a good game, and there was the best of sportsmanship not only from the faculty, but also the students. Let's have it again next year.

It seems to me as though every Senior has a number of pictures of the graduating classes (both Jaysee and high school) and a few pictures of the socially prominent on his dresser. As I looked at those bright and shining faces it occurred to me what a great difference a little soap and water makes!

This next year we are going to have our basketball team entered in the central conference. This change was made primarily for the students themselves, as it was decided that losing so many games was partially responsible for the lack of school spirit here. It all depends on you and your yell leader for next year whether the school spirit will be dormant and sluggish or whether there will be a wholehearted support of the team. This school is only what you make it, so the more you talk it up, the better a school we'll have this next year.

There was a great wailing and gnashing of teeth when some of the fellows found out that they had to pay their class dues before they could get their El Rodeos. After seeing some of the copies, however, the money was not raised for the dues, and the proud owners were soon seen running around showing autographs. The El Rodeos are much larger than those of last year, having twenty more pages and also several colored pictures of the outstanding spots on the campus. Even if some of you fellows did object to paying your dues, at least you have to hand it to the Journalism Department for doing such a good job this year. Ahem!

There was a general inspection of the campus this last Wednesday, May 20, by several service clubs of San Luis Obispo. The general public was also invited to look over the campus, and to note all the things that are making the California Polytechnic one of the most outstanding schools of the state. We surely hope that the students made the best impression that it was possible to make, for a successful inspection is one of the things that will secure the cooperation and good will of the merchants of San Luis. This closer relationship between the town and Poly will bring far greater achievements in the future and will insure the success of student activities that depend on the friendship and the aid of the merchants.

The assemblies this year have been rather a disappointment to the fellows. There have been altogether too many speakers and not enough student participation in the period that is set aside for entertainment. If we can't have assemblies that are interesting and a pleasure to attend, why not dispense with them and make this another drill period? It will probably

(Continued in column 5.)



Left to Right, kneeling: John Carter, Ralph Hadlock, Fayette Lamb, William DeVor, Luis Pinera, Eugene Hartzler.
Left to Right, standing: Mr. Bell, Joe Gyorgy, Orville Gardner, Marcel Harpster, Verner Anderson, Pedro Armendariz, Hugh Milburn, James Rummel, Cuthbert Joyner, Harry Borah, Don Hamilton, George Schmiedt, Bob Umbertis, Elmer Hartzler, Don Carter, Richard Dale, LeRoy McChesney, Charles Finn, Maglor Busick, Frank Barbaria, Bob Tellam, William White, Miss Reid, Doctor Crandall.

Class President's Message

BY WILLIAM WHITE

This Wednesday night will witness the graduation of "The Class of '31." We have spent a profitable four years here at Poly and many of us will leave with a tinge of sorrow. Our stay has been a most happy one.

We have seen many changes come over the campus during our stay. We used to enjoy dances down at the "Aud." The football players used the Deuel Dorm basement as a locker-room. Now we have the wonderful Crandall Gym.

Heron Hall, Jay Cee Dorm, the new Electric Lab, additions to the cafeteria, Dairy Barn, and Aero Shop have all been built while we have been here. We have also seen the ground broken for a new dorm.

"The Class of '31" has the distinction of being the first class at Poly to graduate without girls. Even though the girls were missed

a little in the spirit, the fellows still have that remarkable "Poly spirit" for which the school is noted.

It is the hope of the Class of '31 that the freshmen of this year will see as many improvements during their four-year stay as we have. We hope that they carry on in the work which we have started and do all that is in their power to make Poly "bigger and better."

In the past the co-operation between the faculty and students has been very good. We hope that in the future this co-operation and friendship becomes even closer and that the student body becomes more united. This will mean a vastly improved spirit and better programs especially in athletics and student activities.

The growth of the Junior College has been great. The Junior College has progressed wonderfully. Some of us may return next year to enroll in the camps of the Junior College which was organized during our first year here.

In closing, we hope that the students in Poly will benefit and take advantage of the many things Poly has to offer. We hope that they will get as much good out of Poly as we have and that they will meet with success as we hope to do.

(By Pete Armendariz.)
The departing Seniors of the Class of '31 gave their farewell to the student body this morning in the final assembly of the year.

The assembly opened with numbers by the school orchestra under the direction of Mr. Merritt Smith. Dr. Crandall then gave a gracious introduction of the Senior class to the student body. William White, class president responded.

The history of the class through all its days at Poly was presented by Harry Borah. This history was so highly complimentary that the student body seemed to have the impression that many "dark events" were omitted.

The class prophecy, given as a dialogue between Bob Umbertis and Pete Armendariz was probably the most entertaining part of the assembly. Woo to many of the Seniors if some of the predictions come true.

The orchestra then played another number which was followed by the reading of the Class will by Joe Gyorgy. The Seniors bequeathed many valuable gifts, and trust that the recipients will treasure these tokens and profit accordingly. The entire class joined in singing the Alma Mater, and thus completing this impressive ceremony, the Senior Class of 1931 bade adieu to the California Polytechnic.

Following is the program for the Graduating exercises to be held at the Elmo Theater tonight, at eight p. m.:

(a) Encouragement, E. Boettger;
(b) Alma Overture, W. Dwight McCaughey; The Polytechnic Orchestra.
Invocation, Rev. H. O. Simmons, pastor, M. E. Church.

(a) Anvil Chorus, Verdi; (b) Bells of the Sea, Solman; Glee Club.

Commencement Address, Dr. Merton E. Hill, principal, Chaffey Union High School and Junior College, Professor of Education, University of California.

The Benefactor, J. C. Heed; The Polytechnic Orchestra.

Presentation of Secondary Graduating Class, Miss Margaret H. Chase, vice-president.

Presentation of Diplomas, Dr. Ben R. Crandall, president.

America Triumphant, Demarest; Glee Club.

Presentation of Junior College Graduating Class, Dean Chase.

Presentation of Junior College Diplomas, President Crandall.

Benediction, Rev. H. O. Simmons.

PERSONALS

(Continued from column 1.)
be a lot better this coming year, and if it is, there will not be nearly so many fellows cutting the assemblies rather than listen to an uninteresting speaker.

The columnist at this time wishes you-departing faculty members and students all the luck in the world, and hopes to see all of you back next year. Those of you that do not come back carry our best wishes and hopes for an unlimited good future, with all the health and happiness that a wise providence may shower upon you. Those that do return, may we continue all the fun and pleasure that we have had here. Hasta Luego.
Jimmie Rummel.

Notice!

The California Polytechnic at this time wishes to extend their sympathies to the Marysville Junior College, having at this time learned of the death of Al Melvin, star forward of the forty nine basketball team. All the fellows who played against him this year in basketball remember the wonderful spirit, courage and sportsmanship that he displayed at all times, and he fully deserves all the sympathy and sorrow that an appreciative school can bestow him.

Jimmie Rummel.

Results of Student Body Elections OFFICERS

President... Hayden Almendinger

Vice-president... Sterling McLean

S. A. C. ORGANIZATION

Present Plan (Plan I)..... 50

Proposed Plan (Plan II)..... 115

Plan Two Wins!

THE POLYGRAM

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief Pete Armendariz
Assistant Editor James Rummel
Jokes Verner Anderson and Orville Gardner
Department Notes by usual Department Reporters.

EDITORIAL

THINK IT OVER

Student representation in the Students Affairs Council has been a topic for many heated discussions at most of the meetings of said school organ. The matter of having the students represented more than once by belonging to the different clubs and organizations seems to be the cause for most of the trouble.

Taking for instance a member of any of the six different classes. He will be represented at the S. A. C. meetings by his class president. He may belong to the Mechanics Association or any other club and also be represented by them. In this manner he is represented at least twice.

Under the plan which has been drawn up by Miss Chase such a problem will be impossible as the various clubs are not represented directly by their organization president but indirectly by their corresponding class representative.

This new method also involves the seniority principle by apportioning representatives in accordance to their class ratings. For example the senior class will have three representatives while the freshmen only one.

Therefore we appeal to the student body as a whole to give the new system their utmost support so as to increase the efficiency of the S. A. C. one hundred per cent.

JUNIORS, TAKE NOTICE

Perhaps one of the most vital things which the California Polytechnic needs for the promotion of SPIRIT is inter-class competition. By the actions and conduct of the members of the different classes towards one another it is rather hard to distinguish a high school freshman from a senior or a junior college man. A Frosh may speak to any upper classman if he so desires, punctuating his speech with as many discourtesies as he may feel to be necessary.

There are very few schools where such thorough disregard of seniority is practiced. It is also true that "hazing" is illegal, but surely there is some manner by which a little class distinction may be acquired.

Most of the fun in attending a boarding school lies in returning to your Alma Mater as a Sophomore and in watching the Frosh stumble up the stairs loaded down with baggage. At least you must confess that it would be pretty "nifty" to room with a lower classman and have him do all the thousand and one odd jobs that are ever prevalent around the dorm.

Deuel Dorm has started working over the Frosh by making them relime the Block "P." A Freshman-Soph meet something on the order of the Jaycee Hick Day should do its bit towards establishing class distinction.

The Senior class is going to leave several memorials which are to be willed to the Junior class. It is the hope of the class of '31 that the Juniors make the most of them and start the next year right by proclaiming their supremacy over the other three divisions of the High School and maintaining it.

TIME TO DECIDE

There comes a time in the life of every young man when he asks himself that fatal question, "What career am I to pursue for my life's undertaking?" This same question has probably caused more mental unrest in the minds of the students of America than any other.

The graduating student of yesterday was not confronted by any such problem as careers were then very limited. The student of today meets a very different situation. Unlimited opportunities are offered in hundreds of different fields, opportunities which complicate matters to a greater extent.

The extensive modern school systems teach subjects that deal with careers and also offer manual training courses so as to give the student a taste of the different difficulties which he will encounter in the various fields. If by this time he has not arrived at a conclusion, upon entrance to college, an aptitude test may bring out some hidden quality which will start him on the right path.

Careful consideration should be given the matter as the sooner a student arrives at a definite point, the more he will be benefited by an education which will best prepare him along the line he has chosen.

POLY CHATTER

News and Notes Furnished by Reporters of the Various Organizations

Heron Hall

Homelock Sherms reports that Bill White uses the Heron phone for at least thirty minutes at a stretch. All of the great detective's investigations lead to the conclusion that there must be a magnet at the other end of the line.

The coffers of the Rummel clan are of late sadly depleted. Every cent that Runt can extract from his fond parent is duly spent at the drug store in front of the Stag. Dame Rummel even says that the other day Rummel and Monsen strode into said establishment for the dual purpose of buying their daily two cents of licorice and the real purpose of seeing the fair damsel that is behind the counter. Upon entering Mr. Monsen noted that the maid for which they sought was nowhere in sight. Monsen made himself the butt of a joke by saying, "Doggone it, here we are spending our last dime in order to see Miss (?), and she is not here." Imagine Mr. Monsen's embarrassment when he looked up and saw the sweet young thing taking in all of their conversation.

Hermit Hanna has crawled back into his shell.

Very confidentially the Heron Hall Blas with the kind assistance of Homelock informs you that Bill Farris has a weakness for red-heads.

Sir Stanton Bryson has carved himself a prominent niche in the hall of fame by having his name appear in the San Luis Gas Lamp.

New York has just announced that he is the latest contender to the heavyweight boxing crown which Tunney left in the lurch. One look at his face and Homelock decided that he had better take up the motto, "Nose By Barker," as his campaign slogan.

Fourteen Heron Hall residents and four more went insane when in broad daylight and before their own eyes Zook gave away a match. It was found later that the match was a "safety" and the fellow that borrowed had to return it, as Zook would not lend him the box to strike it on.

Homelock Sherms takes this opportunity to bid all of his readers Adieu. This is his last appearance. He is no more.

May we wish at this time that all of you had a good time at the undergraduate dance, and that every one of you liked it as well as any school function of the year. Deuel Dorm did all that they possibly could to uphold their share of the dance, and we congratulate them heartily on the wonderful spirit that they showed at all times.

Poly Phase Club

With Loren Foote as president; Erwin Hovde, vice-president; Clyde Preble, secretary-treasurer; and Herbert Wright, program chairman, we, the Poly Phase Club, look forward to one of the most successful terms seen on the campus.

Now that the school year is getting short the Poly Phase Club is summarizing the work accomplished during the past year. One the whole, the president and his staff has had a very successful term. The members have gained a great deal by attending the meetings, for there was always a speaker or something of interest being discussed pertaining to the development and different activities that take place in the modern field of electricity. The trips to many electrical plants and other places of interest during the past year has been thoroughly enjoyed by all that attended, for there was always plenty of explanation to help the students become acquainted with the modern type of electrical apparatus now in operation. Some of the most important places of interest visited this year were the substation of the Midland Counties Light and Power Company at Santa Maria, the radio station at Santa Maria, and the projection room at the Elmo Theater.

The club has been very fortunate during the past year to have many speakers from various electrical establishments. They had much to tell the students regarding different activities that are taking place during this electrical age. All speeches given were very interesting and educational, for they gave the students an idea of what is expected of them when they leave school to seek different electrical positions.

The Poly Phase is looking forward to a greater club for the ensuing year, for they have some lively officers with plenty of pep to lead them through the coming school year. Our past president, Ralph Culbertson, has helped within all his power to make the Poly Phase one of the leading clubs on the campus. We are all sure that next year there will be many new members to back up our newly elected officers in keeping the Poly Phase one of the most wide awake clubs in our school.

J. C. Dorm Notes

According to the rumor going around the Junior College Dorm, Mr. Forbes, who is the father of "Susie" Forbes, has said that he sent his son, "Susie," to California Polytechnic with a thousand dollars to get a good education and all he got out of the school was a quarter-back.

J. C. Dorm wishes at this time to congratulate the Junior College men residing in J. C. Dorm who are graduating this year. They are Ralph Culbertson, Lloyd Day, Lowell Day, Eli Gregory, C. Reinhold Koch, Sattley Rowland, Paul Stanciliff, who are receiving regular diplomas, and Arlo Awbrey, who receives a special certificate. Out of the thirteen who are graduating or getting certificates from the Junior College Division eight are men from J. C. Dorm.

Latest news says that Clifford Bates has fallen in love with a certain girl in San Luis Obispo. Better look for refuge, Bates. Let "One-Shot" Van Voorhis take care of her.

Alan Matley says that all the girls he knows in San Luis Obispo like to burn midnight oil. The girls in Santa Cruz are just as bad, and maybe worse, so be careful.

Anybody who builds a radio and tears it apart next minute ought to be shot.

San Luis Obispo must have a prevailing wind, for "Susie" has finally picked up a girl. It must be worth your time, "Susie."

Awbrey's car is the medium between Matley and his girl.

Junior College men now on the Campus are looking forward to the completion of the new dormitory upon which the construction company is busily at work.

Ed Lynch is looking for a trophy case now in which to put the "CP" he earned in track. In case anyone should see one, let Ed know, for he is anxious to have one.

Au Revolt! We'll be leaving you, Cal Poly, for a long vacation and plenty of hard work.

As a reporter of J. C. Dorm, I wish to thank the members of the Dorm for their cooperation in making Dorm News meet their demands.

Signed,
T. W. FUJITA.

Barnyard Gossip

The Aggies have had a very successful year. Something has kept the ball rolling at a rapid pace from the beginning to the end. There has been a great deal to accomplish. It was accomplished, and the Aggies are going to wind up their successful year with a bang by having another barbecue picnic.

Every agricultural department has advanced in many ways during the school year. The instructors deserve much credit for their work.

John Culbertson and Stan Bryson received Block "P's" at the last assembly. Congratulations.

Albert Keller has been home a long time with a burnt hand and leg. The Aggies sent Albert a couple of books with their best wishes for a quick recovery.

"Pretzel" Hartzler has finally completed his list of fence pole climbs with the Fordson tractor. He might graduate now. Let's hope so.

The ribbons awarded by Mr. Leach for work in brooding projects were greatly appreciated by the recipients.

The Aggies are getting class insignia rings. The rings have this inscription on them "Cal Poly Aggies." That means a lot.

The Aggies are preparing for a bigger and better school next fall. Watch us go!

Wingovers and Tailspins

A Travel-Air was recovered and fuselage was repaired recently. The same ship was taken out to the field and licensed by the Department of Commerce.

Gordon Sackett's Command-Aire was taken out to the field last week and also that plane belonging to Sam Wilson. All of the repairing done on the plane was done by Aero students.

Carpenters are going to fix the Aero Shop for the Department of Commerce Approved Licensed Airplane Repair Station. The shop is to be completely reorganized.

Lynn Broughton has taken the pictures of the shop and planes repaired by Aero students.



Sergt. C. J. Cavanagh, Hdq. Co., 31st Inf., Schofield Barracks, Oahu, T. H. Recently promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

As Corporal Cavanagh, this loyal Polytechnic man has favored the Polygram with an interesting series of letters about life in the Barracks. It is with regret that, because of special editions and the close of school, we have not been able to run the letters written since he has been made Sergeant.

The Aero Department has had a successful year. They have done much repairing of ships brought in to the Shop. They have done major overhauling and rebuilding, something never done here before as a school project.

Next year the Aero Department is anticipating the building of another ship. If one is built, it will be a speed job.

The Aero Shop will be complete and new equipment will be installed before school starts again in the fall.

Flashovers & Short Circuits

In reviewing the events of the school year which now draws to a close we wish to thank the members of the alumni who have written us at times, sent us valuable material, and otherwise helped to make our work more interesting and helpful. Several have visited us and talked to the undergraduates. Others have helped in paving the way for jobs, while still others have aided in keeping us in touch with a few who forgot to write. It is to be hoped that when we resume school activities next September every fellow will drop us a line so we may know whether he cares for the Polygram or not. Don't overlook this, and in the meantime "au revoir."

The Kelley-Koett X-Ray Company sent us a large transformer recently as a gift to the Electrical Engineering Department. This has enabled us to put on some fine demonstrations and a couple of the boys are planning a suitable frame mounting so that the outfit may be more portable and easily used.

Galley Slaves

Everybody seems pleased with the El Rodeo. This publication was made possible only by the willing cooperation and effort put forward by the Printshop boys. All that has been done cannot be fully appreciated unless one knows a good deal about the work necessary to compose and put the press a publication of that size.

The Galley Slaves had their annual "Blowout" last Tuesday night at Poly Grove. We had a barbecue and all that goes with it. After the place was cleaned up the fellows all went to the show. Very little sleep was enjoyed by those who participated to their fullest capacity because the intricate workings of the stomach often cause aches and groans which are not conducive to restful slumber. All the boys had a noticeable "hang-over."

Deuel Hall Notes

Packing has been started!!! Everybody in the Dormitory has been cutting down on their excess baggage lately, and now it won't be long until most of the "cronies" depart in opposite directions. Maybe they will meet again next year—who knows?

"Red" Hill has been seen "hanging around" Higuera Street a little too much lately. Watch out, Red, these auburn-haired ladies are pretty dangerous.

John Hurrt and Red Hill are going to Alaska; "Pineapple Fleming" to Hawaii; Pablo Uribe, Casimiro Pena, Rafael Nunez and Benjamin Munoz to Mexico; George Ripper to Seattle; and most of the other boys ranging from San Francisco to San Bernardino and Riverside.

"Airplane Minded" Whited and "Ape" Whitehill have had the gift of a beautiful little thought from heaven—they have had the idea that the heater should be used for wireless sending.

Dumb-But-Happy.

LAFFZ

A FRESHMAN VOCABULARY
 Amb—Feminine relative.
 Anchor—To applaud.
 Adore—Entrance through a building.
 Abridge—Structure erected over obstacles.
 Ballast—To sew.
 Balloon—Species of a loon bird.
 Debate—Used to catch fish.
 Defeat—Objects on which we perambulate.
 Envy—To begrudge.
 Epitome—Center of an apple.
 Epitome—Spray the throat.
 Either—An anesthetic.
 Hot Dog—A dog from Africa.
 Night Mare—A horse ridden at night.
 Palatial—Pleasing to the taste.
 Serim—To make a loud noise.
 Waiver—Thin biscuit or cake.
 Waife—A homeless wanderer.—Exchange.

Mr. Ball: My wife doesn't know what she wants.
 Mr. Agosti: You're lucky. Mine does.

"Here comes a friend of mine. He's a human dynamo."
 "Yes, everything he has on is charged."

"What's come over you, Bill? You don't look as well as you used to."
 "That's funny; they're the same clothes."

Mr. Lee: Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue pot boiled over?
 Assistant: I did. It was a quarter past ten.

Auto Prospect: You have shown me that your new car will go seventy miles an hour. But will such a car last?
 Agent: My dear friend, don't let that worry you. Anybody who drives seventy miles an hour will not need any car long.

"Charles," said the teacher, "what are the effects of heat and cold?"
 "Heat expands and cold contracts," answered Charles promptly.
 "Now give me examples."
 "In summer the days are long, and in winter they are very short."

Little Kathryn, who was driving through the country with her uncle, clamored to be taken back to the city. For her there was nothing to see in the country. "Why," said her uncle, "trying to distract her attention, 'see all the pretty cows over in the pasture, and they can't hurt you because there is a fence around them.'"
 Kathryn was silent a moment, and then expressed her skepticism. "Huh," she said. "A cow jumped over the moon once."

RIGHTO!
 Agosti: Bob, can you tell me how you was discovered?
 Umberto: I heard Dad say the other day that they smelt it.

A small boy was scrubbing the front porch as a visitor arrived.
 "Is your mother at home?" inquired the visitor.
 "Do you suppose I'd be scrubbing this porch if she wasn't?" replied the boy.

Bill White: Scientists say mosquitoes weep. Do you believe it?
 Badlock: Sure, I've seen a moth ball.

He blushed a fiery red;
 Her heart went pit-a-pat;
 She gently hung her head
 And looked down at the mat,
 He trembled in his speech;
 He rose from where he sat,
 And shouted with a screech
 "You're sitting on my hat."

Photographer: Do you want a large or small picture?
 Armendariz: A small one.
 Photographer: Then close your mouth, please.

FAST IN A FILLING STATION
 "Has anyone seen Pete?"
 "Pete who?"
 "Petroleum."
 "Yes, Kerosene him yesterday and he has not Benzine since."

A GOOD INVITATION TO PASS UP
 Sign in an ice cream parlor: "Take Home a Brick—You May Have Company."

He (indignantly): I thought you said that was a parlor joke?
 Bob Tellam: Absolutely, I heard it in a billiard parlor.

CUTTING EXPENSES
 A man running after a taxi, panted to the driver: "How much to the station from here?"
 "Fifty cents."
 The man continued to run; and after having covered another stretch, asked breathlessly, "How much now?"
 "Seventy-five," retorted the driver.
 "You're running the wrong way."

SUCH A CARELESS BOY
 Father: Why were you kept in at school?
 Ike: I didn't know where the Asores were.
 Father: Well, in future just remember where you put things.

TRACKING
 Walter was walking cautiously along a track in search of something.
 "What are you looking for?" asked a man standing near.
 "The president of this line."
 "But you'll not find him here."
 "Maybe not, but I'm on his right track."

ROLL OVER
 Nurse: Good morning. I'm the new nurse.
 Grouchy Patient: You're a trained nurse?
 Nurse: Yes, of course I'm a trained nurse.
 G. P.: Then let's see you do some tricks.

TIE THAT ONE
 "New York": I can tell the score of the game before it starts.
 I. L. Bite: What is it?
 New York: Nothing to nothing—before the game starts.

ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER
 Hamilton: I miss the cuspidor since it's gone.
 Room-mate: That's why it's gone; you missed it so much.

THEY SHOULDN'T GO FOR THOSE RIDES
 "Will you give me ten cents to help the 'Old Ladies' Home?"
 "What! are they out again?"

And then there's the poor Senior who had a shoe-shine, and then remembered he had his room-mate's shoes on.

STATIC, AND HOW
 Mr. Agosti: Do you know why your hair has electricity?
 Gardner: No, why?
 A. P.: Because it is attached to a dry cell.

TEAM, TEAM, RAH-RAH-RAH
 "I'm always on the team," said the horsefly.

Squirmy Lamb: Can anybody be punished for something he hasn't done?
 Mr. Funk: No, I guess not.
 Squirmy: Well, I have not done my chemistry for today.

WE HAVEN'T
 Skeptical Customer: Can this fur coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?
 Salesman: Now lady, did you ever see a beaver carrying an umbrella?

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT
 Boy: What do you make shoes from?
 Shoe maker: Hide.
 Boy: Why should I hide?
 S. M.: Hide, hide, the cow's outside.
 Boy: Let the old cow come; I'm not afraid.

"The snake to which I refer," said the school teacher, "is said to move with mathematical precision."
 "Do you mean an adder, sir?" suggested a bright pupil.

Starling McLean was being conducted through an insane asylum. They reached a large room with twenty beds, but the place seemed empty.

"This is where the mad chauffeurs are kept," said the attendant.
 "But where are they?" inquired Mac.
 "They are under the beds examining the springs."

Carroll Boots: Why was there no card playing on Noah's Ark?
 Anderson: I'll bite.
 Boots: Because Noah sat on the deck.

Dick Dale: Will your folks be surprised when you graduate?
 Hamilton: No, they've been expecting it for years.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

"Runt" Rummel, alias "Hit and Miss," seems to be getting along fine with his one finger typing lessons.—Pete Armendariz doesn't seem to be hanging in so well on Santa Rosa Street any more.—Bill White is still playing the sap. Ask him where he got the ruby ring the night of the Barn Dance.—"Bonehandle" Elliot thinks that English is the best subject that he takes. Why?—Bob Rowe has gotten it bad and one doesn't see him leaving for San Francisco on Fridays so much.—George Schmiedt must have gone to high school some time or other because he has a nice senior ring—it must be an epidemic as "Pawn Shop" Dale has one also.—It seems that the "Great" Sawday has Bob Tellam on the jump by playing the well known game of culthrooling. Tellam has lost his "It."

Mother: Why are you reading that book on the education of children?
 New York: To see if you are bringing me up properly.

Floridan (picking up a watermelon): Is this the largest apple you can grow in this state?
 Californian: Stop fingering that grape.

Maxine: Ernie, I was wrong to treat you the way I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, for being angry with you all last week?
 Ernie: Sure, that's all right. I saved \$22.00 while we weren't on speaking terms.

Zook, who is a bad sailor, was once crossing Morro Bay. He went to one of the sailors and asked him, "What shall I do to prevent sea-sickness?"
 "Have you a nickle?" asked the old salt.
 "Yes," answered Zook.
 "Well hold it between your teeth for the rest of the trip."

Doctor: Are you taking the medicine regularly?
 Busick: I tasted it and decided that I would rather have the cough.

(Ten years from now.) Mr. Smith: Did you hear about the peculiar deaths of Zook and New York?
 Mr. Funk: No, how did it happen?
 Mr. Smith: New York bet Zook that he could stay under water longer than Zook, and they both were drowned.

"I am all out of patients," said the doctor as the hearse drove away.

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 The following sign is posted by the roadside as you enter a western town: 4,076 people died last year of gas. 39 inhaled it. 37 put a lighted match to it. 4,000 stepped on it.

NO DIFFERENCE
 Karl Monsen: Say Phillips, I ordered pumpkin pie, and you gave me apple.
 Boyce Phillips: Oh, that's all right. All the pies are punk-in here.

GONE
 Anderson: Why doesn't lightning strike in the same place twice?
 Bill White: The same place isn't there any more.

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Senior Prophecy

(By Jimmie Rummel.)

Time: Sunday morning about 11:00 a. m.

Scene: Recreation room of a frat house.

Characters: Two alumni business men.

Pete—"Hello, Bob. Have a good time last night?"

Bob—"Hi, Pete. You bet I did. That surely was a swell dinner dance given in our honor last night. Every member of the class of 1931 has returned. They all seem happy and prosperous. Just think, twenty-five years."

Pete—"Yes, and after twenty-five years everyone enjoyed seeing Coach McLean's team defeat Stanford. Joe Hughes' son won that game by making that brilliant last minute play. He's almost as good as his illustrious father used to be."

Bob—"He was good all right. Say, have you noticed all the new buildings? They compare favorably with any college in the United States. And of all the pretty girls—makes me wish I were young again. Speaking of youths, I saw Allen Mattley yesterday. He expects to be a Sophomore in another year or two. And, by the way, he's still boarding at Austin's."

Pete—"Ah, gossip. Those were surely swell programs we had last night. You know, I hadn't seen some of those fellows nor thought of them in ten years. Who starts the list? Mmm. Anderson. Know anything about him?"

Bob—"Let's see. Now I remember. He has been writing a thesis on advanced Physics, and has engaged in exhaustive research with the great but aged Agosti. They have collaborated with the venerable and renowned McCarty, and their results are expected to startle the entire scientific world."

Pete—"Good for him. I knew he'd be a success. Who's next?"

Bob—"Armendariz."

Pete—"Just a minute. We'll save that till later. Barbara is our next victim. Has he distinguished himself in any way?"

Bob—"He's just a gigolo in New York City, and has gone to the dogs in the worst manner possible. Poor fellow, the less said about him, the better. Who's next, Pete?"

Pete—"Walt Boellard. He's recently been made the warden at Leavenworth, and has treated the prisoners so fairly that he has been selected as the chief inspector of the nation. Past experience has enabled him to do much for these suffering prisoners. More power to him."

Bob—"Boots here has also made good. He's now the player manager of the largest and best radio orchestra in the United States. To prove to you how good this orchestra is, Dick Dale is the solo trombonist and Joe Colton is the saxophonist in charge of all sentimental numbers. Two more boys who have made good."

Pete—"Yeah, and you'd think that peaceable Hugh Milburn would be ready to take it easy, but no, he's still at it. It's a revolution in China this time. That fellow is the worst globe trotter in the world. Funny thing, Life."

Bob—"Y' remember Bill White, who was the president of our class so many years ago? He's sure been a failure. I was expecting great things of that boy, and here he is teaching callisthenics at the San Luis Junior High School. Oh well, if he wants to ruin his own chances in life, I won't be the one to criticize him."

Pete—"Next is little Nick Carter and Don Hamilton. I hear they are staging a vaudeville act together, with Nick a dwarf and Don a giant. That's one way to make assets out of your liabilities."

Bob—"I saw them in Chicago, but good as they are, they cannot begin to compare with Ralph Hadlock, who is now playing with the world's champion White Sox. Ralph has profited by his experiences at Poly, and will probably be voted the most valuable player in his league. He has surely made good in a big way."

Pete—"Have you heard how well Luis Pinares has done in the military conquests of the country? He's been selected the best general in the whole country and will confer with the President on the more important phases of the army. He sure has overcome that ancient prejudice of his about drill, hasn't he?"

Bob—"I'll say he has. And George Schmiedt. He now owns a large glass factory in Salinas. From all accounts he has finally settled down and decided to be a success instead of a failure like poor old Gyorgy and Tellam."

Pete—"Wasn't that a scream last night when they both rushed in at the last minute, clad in those disreputable clothes and smelling like a creosote factory? They told me privately that they were on a beach in Australia when they remembered the date here. They report that bumming was very poor, and they couldn't even pick a decent ship to stowaway in. Just between ourselves, Gyorgy bummed me for a dime to get a cup of coffee. Poor ambitionless fellows."

Bob—"That guy Rollins has also wasted his education. He is now an auto mechanic at a tiny garage somewhere in Lost Hills. Just another fel-

low who wasted four years at Poly. I always did say that a fellow who took Ag wasn't exactly human."

Pete—"One Ag that did make good in spite of his handicap was McCheaney. He was handball champ for many years, and retired undefeated. He is now managing the potential challenger, the great Rummel. In spite of being over forty years of age, the Runt is still a wonderful player."

Bob—"Fayette Lamb has also gone over in a big way. He's now the professor of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California. I'll bet he had a lot of drag to get in a place of that sort, for the little devil never would study. Oh well, some guys were born with a silver spoon in their mouth, but in the case of Squirmy it wouldn't be a spoon, it'd be a ladle."

Pete—"Remember Busick? He has struck it rich and has donated a sanatorium to the state of Arizona. 'Hook' is the temporary manager of the joint, but expects to retire in a few more weeks. I don't believe everything that I hear, especially as I knew him so well back in the good old days, but I managed to verify these statements. Another guy that got a lucky break."

Bob—"That guy Harpster is one fellow that we can say has an absolutely clean profession. He is now president of the Associated Laundries of America. He has worked himself up from the bottom, and deserves the admirable position that he now has. He is rather foolish, however, as he is studying Civics as a hobby. He's a nice kid though, and I rather like him."

Pete—"Don Carter is a big shot now as a special technician of the Amalgamated Amusements of Atlantic City. He hasn't changed much. We had a dandy conversation."

Bob—"The Hartzler brothers are now teaching in a dancing school at Paso Robles. That place still seems to hold its charm for the modern Poly boys. I've seen them give their special aesthetic dances on the stage, and they are really superb. What a wonderful change time does make."

Pete—"The President recently appointed Bill DeVor as the landscape gardener for the White House. I'll bet that Bill is one of the outstanding men in the country for this type of work. Say, we're darn near to the end of the list, Y' know it?"

Bob—"That fellow, let's see now—what's his name? Joyner—oh yeah, Cub Joyner. He is now a toastmaster at that new ill-famed night club down in Los Angeles. It seems to me as though all the A's in our class got wise to themselves, as every one is now in some other kind of a profession. Good judgment, I call it."

Pete—"Don't forget about Borah—what the heck is his first name—Harry, that's it. He's still trying to go Einstein one better on that relativity racket. He has applied himself, however, and is not only a great scientist, but also the nation's leading tennis player. What a versatile young man he turned out to be. Anybody here that we have forgotten?"

Bob—"Use your imagination, big boy. Who's the best known scientist in the world today?"

Pete—"Right. Good old Charley Finn. I hear that he is conducting a special school for Physics teachers, this institution being a sort of human way for showing his sympathies for Poly. He has done some wonderful work, not only for science, but also for surgery. I guess he is the most successful of all the class of 1931, but like all great men, he's foolish in some ways. He's practically poverty stricken, and has to watch his step or he'll be a pauper. I guess he's well protected, though, in case his debtors ever try to collect. By the way Bob, what are you doing now?"

Bob—"You tell me what you are doing first."

Pete—"I'm a big business man now. The oil game, don't you know?"

Bob—"Good enough. I'm working in a service station myself."

Pete—"Well, I've got to pack. I have to leave at noon tomorrow, so I'll see you in the morning."

Bob—"O. K. In the morning."

Floriculture Notes

Recently, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Nichols of the Santa Maria Bulb Farm, members of the Floriculture Class were personally conducted through the farm, and given interesting explanatory remarks concerning floriculture methods seen there. Especially interesting was an unusual device for sorting and cleaning seeds.

The party, which consisted of Mrs. Mitchell, Leonard McLinn, William DeVor, Ray Hogue, and Mr. Thompson, also visited the Waller Seed Farms at Guadalupe and Oceano and the Santa Maria Inn where they saw many beautiful and unusual blossoms.

Ray Hogue deserves congratulations for the ribbons which he received at the Fiesta Flower Show. For the two exhibits which he had on display, he carried away three ribbons. Not bad, Ray!

The Senior Will

(By Jimmie Rummel.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, Board of Athletic Control, President, Teachers and Friends:

We, the class of 1931, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well-trained memory and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills and promises by us at any time heretofore made or mayhap, carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well wishers, our president and his all wise and ever competent faculty, who have been our guardians for so long, only asking as the last injunction of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our worth, our merits, our attainments, and our position as Seniors of "grave and reverend mien" must certainly have deserved.

As to the estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, do we dispose of the same as follows:

We do will and bequeath to the Jay-sees an admonition that calls for a deliberate and calculating survey of the school activities as they stand today. We advise that they set themselves up, not as the leaders of the campus, but as those who have humbly followed where the irresistible high school students have gone before. Our class suggests that they act not as the paragon of scholarly virtue, but more as the beginner in high school. We finally leave one single, omnipotent sentence, "Pride goeth before a fall." It is impossible to say more.

Again we give to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our various examination papers. We know that much that we have imparted to them in this way must have been entirely new to them, as well as to all students everywhere, and would throw much new light on many a hitherto familiar line of thought throughout the whole world of science and learning, even outside the halls and walls of the dear old institution. If the faculty sees fit, they are hereby authorized to give out such of this information to the world as the world is ready to receive. We trust that they will also feel at perfect liberty to make use of all such bits of wisdom and enlightenment for the education of the classes to come after us. This is, of course, left entirely to their personal discretion.

We do will and bequeath to the Junior Class one saltshaker, one fork, one spoon, the famous Senior dignity, and the worthy class colors, these colors being the significant Blue and Gold that have led all school functions here for the past three years. It is their solemn duty to watch, protect and value the above enumerated and classified articles. Keep them and hand them on when you have to leave this worthy institution of learning, for they are to form an unshakable Senior tradition.

We feel, in our last shaking, palsied movements, that we should bequeath some Flit, a dust settler, and an air purifier to the Agricultural students. The above enumerated, tabulated and certified articles can be used to great advantage by the tillers of the soil.

To the Fresh we leave our tattered, worn books, stubs of pencils, dried up cuds of gum, broken fountain pens, desks with our signatures, histories, romances, and organizations written thereon, and our full permission to relime the "P" and to keep the campus clean. (The chewing gum may be diligently searched for on the reverse side of teachers' desks, on window panes, in wastepaper baskets, and somewhere on every desk in the study-hall.)

We give to each of the dormitory superintendents an adding machine and a notebook to keep an accurate and unrequiting check on the follies and fallacies of the lower class men. We realize that the ever respectful and obedient Seniors of next year need never have cause for receiving work or demerits, so naturally they will not be listed among the vagrants that are subject to the harsh accusations and punishments that represent the malignant and scheming authority of the home life on the campus. May these presents be used as little as possible!

We do will and bequeath to the aeronautics department three trucks, five tractors, two harrows, seven cultivators, ten plows, and a combined harvester and reaper. This is one requisition that should be sanctioned without the customary delay and trouble by the powers that be.

The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope that they may be accepted, not as worthless things

The Black Flamingo

An Outstanding Success

"The Black Flamingo," presented at the California Polytechnic Thursday night, May 7th, was by far the best play that has been seen on the Polytechnic campus in many years. It had a real air of romance, mystery and intrigue that thrilled every one of the large audience that attended it. It was a decided success, and Miss Ruth E. Peterson, because of her unstinting efforts and constant patience during rehearsals, deserves all of the compliments that she has had as the director of the play.

The play was centered around an old inn, situated in the northern part of France, the name of which is The Black Flamingo which in itself carries a hint of evil and intrigue that bodes ill for the fleeing nobility. Pete Armendariz as Felipe Bodier, and Mrs. Gertrude McCart as Nicole, his wife, the evil and plotting proprietors of the lonely wayside inn, filled their parts almost perfectly. Their sinister comrades, who aided them in their treachery against the aristocrats, were Joel Davis as Bourien, Lowell Day as Gavroche, and Ray Hogue as Bossange. They added many thrills to the play and their acting showed the results of long and patient training.

The aristocrats of the play were Robert Umbertis as Trigaud, Hayden Almendinger as Cagliostro, and Richard Rose as Popo. The Lussac family, with Harry Borah as Eugene, William White as Francois, Mary Hughes as Diana, and Bernice Howell as Charlotte seemed to almost live out their parts, and every one did very creditable work. Although Irene Lebo had a very minor part, she performed her part very well and deserves a chance at a bigger part of the cast next year. Almendinger, in a dual role, showed not only decided versatility in acting but also an outstanding lack of amateurishness.

The carpentry department, under the direction of Mr. Merritt Smith and Cy Lewis, deserves great credit for the work on the stage settings, as do the other departments that aided the production. The production staff also deserves a word of thanks for the fine campaigning and advertising work that they did. It was the hard work and cooperation of everyone that put the play over in such an admirable manner.

Mr. Ricketts' Recital Is Perfection Of Artistry

"A recital of charm and utmost artistry" to which "a vast and appreciative audience thronged." A "rare exhibit" which the audience of music lovers was not slow to recognize." Such are the terms in which the San Luis Telegram praises the recital given by Mr. Ricketts at the local Methodist Episcopal Church on the evening of May 12. His superb voice, his admirable art, his radiant personality, the fascination of his delivery all came in for their share of meritorious mention.

Mr. Ricketts was accompanied by Mrs. Hynson whose name speaks for itself in Polytechnic music circles. The recital was varied by selections of violin artistry contributed by Mrs. Tillie Brown accompanied by Miss Margaret Johnson.

lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but as lavish assets to those who may receive them, and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal:

1st. To Hayden Almendinger, the resonating and ever active voice of Pete Armendariz.

2nd. To Sterling McLean, the talent and musical skill of that superb musician, Carrol Boots.

3rd. To Harold Smitson, the will and ability to study of Charles Finn.

4th. To Allen Garfinkle, the brilliance and finesse of Cuthbert Joyner's class recitations.

5th. To George Sawday, the baseball ability of the diminutive Hadlock.

6th. To Francis Hopkins, Luis Pinares' high chair at the Senior table.

7th. To Hans Elliot, the superb horsemanship of Bob Tellam.

8th. To Miss Reid, the gum chewing ability of Verner Anderson.

All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of (after our debts and funeral expenses) we give and bequeath to our beloved president, for his use and benefit absolutely, and to be disposed of for the good of the coming classes as he may see fit.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said president sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, We, the Class of 1931, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hands and seal this twenty-seventh day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-one.

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